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AN ELITE, GOVERNMENT-SPONSORED META-HUMAN TASK FORCE, THEY FACE ANY AND ALL GLOBAL THREATS. LED BY GENERAL NICK FURY, THEY ARE...

ULTIMATE COMICS

THE ULTIMATES

CHAPTER THREE

THE REPUBLIC IS BURNING

The Ultimates are spread too thin.

With disasters igniting across the globe and Captain America quitting after the death of Spider-Man, Fury's superhuman taskforce is at its limit. Though nearly killed by a nuclear bomb in Uruguay, Iron Man managed to join Thor in Europe to help stop the Children of Tomorrow, a highly-evolved race of humans bent on reshaping the world. The Children have rapidly expanded their home-base, an advanced civilization known as The City, into neighboring European countries, threatening humans and gods alike. Pushed to the edge, Thor gathered the combined might of his fellow Asgardian gods to take a stand. However, the Children of Tomorrow proved to be too powerful, destroying Asgard, killing the gods—and cutting Thor off from the very source of his power.

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TWO DAYS AFTER THE FALL OF ASGARD.
Like most wealthy people, I have a habit of acquiring rare and...*well*, ridiculously expensive things...
Like *them*, I'm a *collector*.
I want to show you something.
In this vault, I store all the wonderful items I've secured over the years...
But unlike my fellow well-moneyed associates, it's not enough just to have these things, I have to tinker with them...
I have to make them... *better*.
Ah... here we go.

The original model was... adequate. When you were a man, it made you the most powerful super-soldier on the planet...
I've taken the design a good bit further than that.
Want to try it on?
You wish me to play at what I have been?
It...it is not possible...
I have been broken.
Well, that's just too damn bad.
Right now, the world needs a god of thunder. So Thor doesn't get to be broken...
He gets rebuilt.
Wear the burden best you can, old boy...
It's time to hit something.

ONE WEEK AFTER THE FALL OF ASGARD. THE WORLD. CONDITION: BLACK.
Hawkeye... anything?
Negative, Nick. We're blind.
Nothing bounces off the City--it's absorbing everything...LADAR, Sat feeds, drones... all useless.
Any word on the European advance team?
"Not since we lost the feed...I'd assume the worst.
"Which means we lost one team of Reserves and Giant-Men, along with the entirety of the European Defense Force."
They should have waited... coordinated with us.
Berlin and Munich had both been absorbed by the City...Warsaw and Brussels were getting ready to be...
They did exactly what you or I would have done, boss.
How else do you act when your world is falling apart? Hell, I watched Southeast Asia fall and returned home to all this...
If at the end of the race everyone dies, all they've done is beat us to the finish line by a couple hours. Speaking of...
We're approaching the perimeter of the City.
All right then, Clint...
Aim straight.

"Point us right towards the heart of it...

THE CITY.

"...with all the righteous anger we can muster."

"They've seen us.
"First responders taking to the air."
Then we will meet them there with steel and iron...
Hold up, Thor.
For now, you are all staying in my back pocket. A little surprise for these bastards when everything stops coming up aces.
...and what he's not telling you is if everything goes to hell, that hammer of yours is the only thing that can teleport everyone out of here.
A safe way home if we need it.
No. There's no going home empty-handed, Tony... today we win, or we do not.
Increase our speed, Clint--close the gap.
One hundred and ten percent, Nick...
Five minutes until we reach the center of...
Heads up...!
"They're firing!"

KAMMM
Eagle Six, DOWN!
Eagle Eight, DOWN!
RETURN!
Fire!
Fire!
FIRE!
"Birds away!"
BOOM
BOOOMM
BOOOMM
BOOM
BOOM

Feezk... did they...
did...
Scratch nothing, Spider-Woman. Zero damage to the enemy vessels.
Targets increasing velocity...
Closing... closing...and damn quick about it...
Definitely not aces, Nicky.
No it isn't...
Thor...
Iron Man...
"Put some doubt in their hearts."

Thor!
Wait up... you're going to get...
Wha...?
KLUNK
Urk!
They're still closing...
Not slowing down...
They're on top of us!
Oh, God...

Clear the bridge!
So fast...
But not fast enou--
AUUGH!
FSSSL

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
BL
Well, well...
I see you're caught in a web.
Yeah. Let's just take it easy, Black Widow...
Okay... nice and easy...
Eas--
@#$%! They're gonna...

THUNK
THUNK
So, boss... back to the business at hand?
Uh-huh.
Status?
Eagle Ten is disabled and nonresponsive.
Clint...I believe it's time to let these @%#$s know we mean business.
Understood.
Warhead's armed! On your order.
Launch a nuke.

KRRRAM!!
KRRRAM!!

Aiiiiieee!
I can't make out...
I...
Damn.

Eagle Three...
It's just gone...
Prepare another salvo!

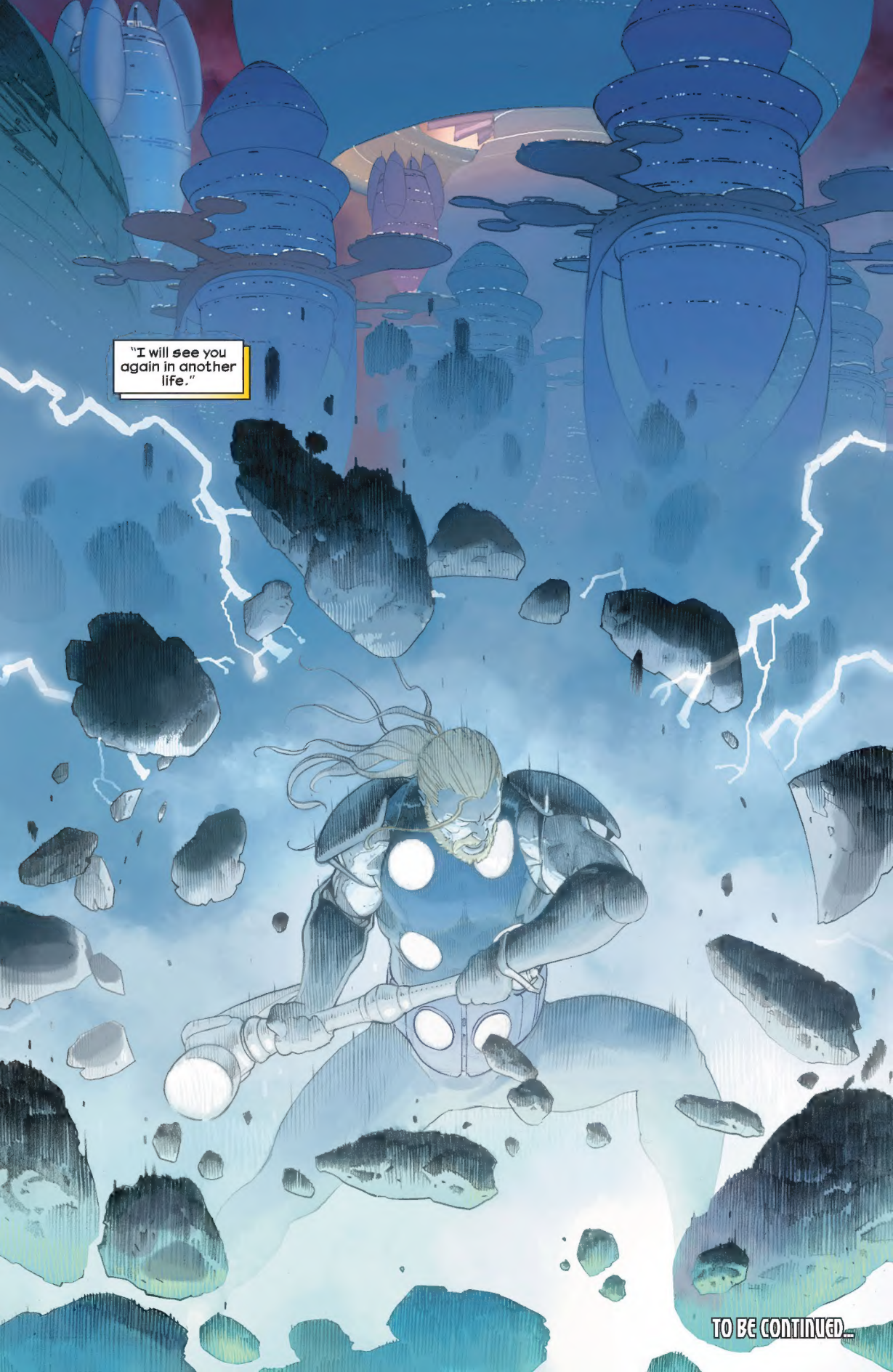
Eagle Twelve. GONE!
Arm the other warheads!
Arming.
Nick, are you...
Target the dome!
Prepare to fire EVERYTHING!
NICK-- We can't beat them.
We're bloody, but still breathing...
Straight line's just gonna get us all killed.
There's no win here.
Sound the retreat.
Let's go home.

Eagle One to Ops. Full retreat! I repeat, full retreat!
Time to jump us, Thor... Thor?
Thor?
Damn...
Tony!
A little busy, Hawkeye.
Yeah, sky's crowded everywhere, Tony. It's time to jump but Thor's not responding...
Ah... I see...
On it.
Hate to be a bother, Thor...but it's time to leave.
RRRRRR!
Go without me.
That's the thing...they can't.
This is not over.

Transporting the fleet...
"...Now!"

LATER.
THE WORLD.
CONDITION: BLACK.
Well?
Total calamity...it's a train wreck.
Assessment's ongoing, but one thing's for certain...it would have been a total disaster if you hadn't successfully jumped the fleet away.
Four helicarriers destroyed, two more docked indefinitely...over nine thousand men and women killed...
But, on the side of the angels, almost sixteen thousand live.
You saved them, Thor. *You saved us.*
A pack of hungry dogs are devouring the world... and we prolonged the inevitable with a bone.
In that light, do you really think saving anyone today mattered?
Well, I do like the looks of that pouty-looking MP on the bridge...so I appreciate you buying me some time there.
What?

You are an arrogant rake, Stark, and a formidable warrior...
A much better man than most.
I want you to promise me something.
Yeah?
When men speak of today, make sure they know that what follows wasn't grief or madness...but *fate*, and that I met her well.
Thor, what are you...
Wait! No, don't...
Anthony Stark...I have been honored to call you my friend...
...but I *will* have my vengeance.
Farewell...
NO!


"I will see you again in another life."
TO BE CONTINUED...

ULTIMATE ACCLAIM!

"It's good to have The Ultimates back where they belong: with some of the best writing and art in the comic book industry, they have a chance to truly be 'Ultimate' once again."
- Alex Zalben, MTV GEEK

"A first issue that starts with its foot on the gas is exactly what's called for."
- Chad Nevett, Comic Book Resources

"The book is fast-paced, exciting, attractive, and accessible."
- Jesse Schedeen, IGN

"What I do know is that Ultimates #1 is a damn good comic."
- David Uzumeri, Comics Alliance

"If you liked The Ultimates previously, there's more here for you to like. If you've never read them, this is a fine place to start."
- Josh Flanagan, iFanboy.com

THE ALL-NEW ULTIMATE COMICS!

NEXT: END GAME!

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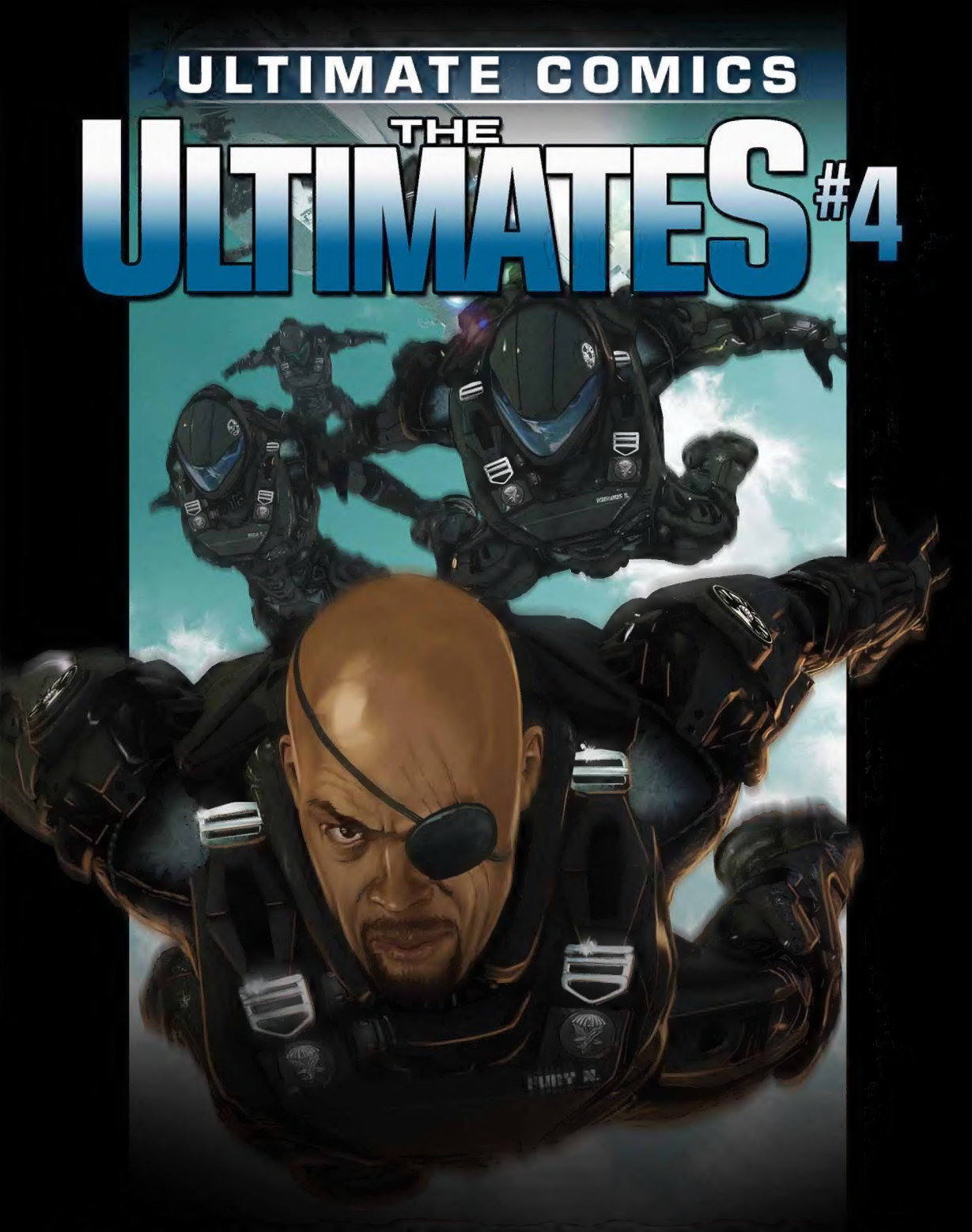

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